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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 14.

What art thou, Spleen, which every thing dost ape?
Thro' thy black jaundice, I all objects see,
As dark and terrible as thee———.

THERE is scarce any thing more talked of, and has more hard and severe things said against it, than what we call the vapours. As it sometimes pesters the minds of every one of my readers, I believe I cannot do a more acceptable piece of service, than, after I have given a true description of it, to propose some proper and effectual methods for its cure.

As to the natural causes of this whimsical melancholy, I leave to the physicians, intending to deal with the publick, not as a philosopher, but moralist. Whatever hand the swelling of the spleen, overrunning of the gall, or some other defects in the humours and constitution of the body may have in its production, I have neither inclination nor ability to determine: but sure I am, the effects of it are numerous, unaccountable and pernicious. So that too many desperate men have put an end to their lives, because some odd and troublesome imaginations have told them they could no longer have any satisfaction in the enjoyment of them.

I shall however speak something to the moral causes of it, which I conceive may be such as these;

In the first place, a loose and immoral life, which stores up a plentiful heap of guilt in the mind, lays it open to the lashes of an avenging conscience, and stirs up a tumult in the passions, while the soul fluctuates with a perpetual uneasiness, like the waves of the sea; besides the invisible powers of darkness, which continually agitate and hurry their devotees, when they have seduced them into vice, will help to torment them for having committed it. So that it is matter of no great admiration when a profligate rake says he feels dull after his last night debauch, except it be that he himself should make strange of it, and not be sensible that the horrors he is conscious too, are the natural effects of his guilt.

Another source of the vapours is idleness. When a man smothers the active fire of his soul, and will not suffer it to turn them in some proper employment, we cannot wonder that he glows like a raging furnace within, and his vital principle recoils upon him, revenging the negligence of its possessor. When I see *Jack Indolent* hang over a stationer's shop for some hours together, get acquainted with all the wild sparks in town, waste away his time and substance in some publick house, until one or two in

the morning, I am not surprised that all his sensual spirits have taken their leave of him, and he is swallowed up in a flood of unnatural and ungovernable thoughts. An idle fellow must of course be the most gloomy and dispirited of all his species, for it is a paradox no more strange than true, that an empty head, makes an heavy heart, and he who has no ballast of solid and weighty ideas to steady his understanding, if sometimes he will fly up into the levities of a ridiculous joy; he will again sink low into the sorrows of a sullen discontent.

A third reason of this distemper of the mind, is, excessive solitude. It is impossible for us to roll away our years in an endless sequestration from mankind, and not gather a gloominess and dulness of temper, which will cause life to set upon us, rather like a disease than a benefit. To be laying up sentiments we never communicate, is the way to swell the soul up into a dropsy, which receives all things, but returns nothing. Besides, society is absolutely necessary to the happiness of all rational creatures who are formed with unsatiable desires to associate one with another; it must therefore be a rude force and contradiction to our make, violently to break asunder the bond which ties us to a community; such a course of living as this, must of necessity be a nurse of horror, a courter of temptations, and the parent of ill humours.

Another thing which breeds the spleen, is, a perpetual rattle and volubility of tongue; when our words glide with so swift and uninterrupted a succession that they deluge all the company with nonsense, impertinence, or too much of good sense: for no man has a right to speak good sense, though ever so fluently, to the deafening his neighbour's ears, and abusing the instrument of speech. These insufferable talkers run on in discourse till they drain themselves quite empty, and then it is time for them to reflect upon the little applause they have gained all the while, the many unhandsome things they have said, and false colours they have cast upon many characters, which at once throws them into a fit of melancholy, which eats up the satisfaction of the former loquaciousness.

And lastly, immoderate and excessive laughter and mirth, gives the rise very often to the vapours. When our thoughts, suddenly like the crackling thorns under a pot mount up into a blaze of mirth and at once sink down again into that dulness which may very well be compared to ashes. Laughter naturally consumes and dissipates the animal spirits, and when those wings of the soul have flown away it must needs flag, droop and be disconsolate. Every wise man cannot help feeling a check in his heart after he has indulged a passion so contrary to the end of his creation. The effects of the spleen are numberless, even as many as are those monstrous whims and conceits which an over warm imagination is capable of bringing forth to a shadowy existence; hence are derived those humours and particularities which individuate and refine every English man.

But in order to our understandings regaining their full power prerogative, and the curing this monstrous distemper, I shall propose the following rules;

First, We should endeavour to acquire and preserve a good conscience, and have a regard in

our actions to our Creator. Then we shall be fixed in a settled, quiet, and undisturbed calm; having no unpardoned and unexpiated crimes to stare us in the face; no injuries done our fellow creatures, to rob us of our tranquillity; and being still employed in the most excellent and joyous service, our virtues will penetrate the clouds, which threaten to envelope them, and light up a fair and smiling day over our heads, which will all along heighten our progress to a future state of felicity. We shall enjoy so steady and sober a frame, so divine an evenness of temper, that we shall not run into any extravagant expressions of joy on the one side, or any superstitious dulness on the other. We shall be serious without being melancholy, cheerful without levity, and grave without affectation. Our superior faculties will hold the reins, and bridle in all the unruly motions of our passions, so that we shall desire no finite good with too much appetite, nor shun any natural evil with too much abhorrence; our afflictions like shades will serve only to heighten our graces, nor will prosperity raise us up into any unwonted transports, while our imagination kept under by the severities of a strict restraint, will not dare to give birth to those ugly and deformed brood in the face of an enlightened intellect. In fine, death will act the friend instead of the tyrant, and release us from our prisons, instead of leading us captive, and set our souls at liberty into an eternity of glories.

We should in the next place take care to be exercised in something which will tend to the benefit of our fellow creatures, the ennobling and aggrandizing our minds, and not suffer one day to slide over us without being able at night to reflect we have been useful, and compose ourselves to rest in a kind of triumph, that we have not spent the hours in vain.

As reason and religion shew we were designed for society, so when we find our minds or bodies dulled with too close application and fatigue, we should unbend ourselves to our families, and let loose our sentiments in all easiness and cheerfulness of conversation. It is not a perpetual plodding upon books, or poring our eyes out upon some antiquate, will make either a great man, or a pleasant and profitable companion. A few hours past in select company, are better improved than as many days in the perusal of some writers. But then we should endeavour not to be too noisy and loquacious, or silent and reserved; the one savours of stiffness and stupidity, the other of rudeness and impertinence.

And to conclude this advice, when we find a habit of melancholy beginning to grow upon us, we should allow ourselves in some innocent and amusing diversion, and scatter our clouds in the air of the world, or divert them by some bodily exercise, always observing to keep a strict guard upon our actions, least while we avoid melancholy, we contract guilt, and increase that distemper we endeavour to cure. R.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE DR. GREGORY.

IT is a trite remark, that the life of men of letters is commonly unmarked by events; that their history is comprized in their works; that it alone remains to the biographer to elucidate the page which has drawn their names from obscu-

rity, and shall preserve them from oblivion. An author, like a visionary, dwells in an ideal world ; and it is scarcely possible to develope to other minds the vague plans, the desultory speculations, impalpable objects of pursuit, which to himself may supply such sources of lively interest, as to leave no vacuum in a monotonous existence. But however destitute of materials for entertainment, the memoirs of a literary character whose last labour is closed, cannot but afford a melancholy satisfaction to those who are conversant with his works, or familiar with his name. When we perceive a blank in that circle whence we have been accustomed to receive instruction or amusement, we become anxious to learn all that can be known concerning the mind, of whose operations we are no longer permitted to judge, in whose energies and feelings we had intimately participated ; but which now perceives, reflects, combines, *for us* no more. These reflections are painfully suggested by the recent loss of Dr. Gregory, who has been snatched from us so suddenly as equally to excite feelings of mournful surprise and tender commiseration. The following succinct account, drawn from an authentic source, will sufficiently evince his claims to the respect and gratitude of society :—

Dr. Gregory traced his origin to a very respectable family derived from Scotland. The branch of which he was a descendant settled in Ireland. His father, who was an elegant scholar, was in the church, but obtained no higher preferment than the living of Edermine, and the dignity of Prebendary of Ferns. He died when the subject of these memoirs was but twelve years of age. In consequence of this event, his mother, who was a native of Lancashire, removed to Liverpool, where she placed her son in a school, which was superintended by an excellent mathematician, whose name was Holden. Under him his progress was commensurate with his diligence, and such was his ardour, that he often dedicated to study two thirds of his time. His indefatigable spirit provoked the emulation of his school fellows, and extorted the praises of his master ; but his mother, who had hoped to direct his views to trade, was scarcely consoled by his brilliant success for the failure of her expectations. Convinced at length of his invincible repugnance to her plan, she cheerfully acquiesced in his choice of the clerical profession, which appeared to him most congenial to his literary pursuits. He was not, however, too much absorbed by the classics to overlook the importance of other sources of improvement. He passed two years in Edinburgh, where he made the mathematical and physical sciences his great object of attainment. On his return to Liverpool he took orders ; and in 1778, was ordained to the curacy of Liverpool, the laborious duties of which he continued to perform as long as he resided in that place. His education, though not desultory, had been irregular ; and he was obviously more indebted to the powerful efforts of his own vigorous intellect, than to careful cultivation. Accustomed to take himself, in his own mind he had found the master, the lecturer, at the college. He watched for instruction : he never suffered an opportunity of acquiring information to escape ; and the habits of vigilance and accuracy which insensibly he was thus led to form, were

more valuable than any he could have drawn from academic rules or scholastic discipline.

The first stage of literary existence is, it is well known, consumed in doubts and perplexities, the anticipation of difficulties, the experience of disappointment—in exploring the avenues to fame, or attempting the passes of fortune. In addition to such impediments as are incidental to all young writers, Dr Gregory experienced another in his extreme versatility ;—his first bias was to poetry. Some of his poems were published ; and many remain in the possession of his friends. He contributed to a periodical work published at Liverpool, some miscellaneous essays, in which he exposed the inhumanity and impolicy of the slave-trade ; and as these tracts were prior to Mr. Clarkson's work, they must have preceded the numerous able compositions in prose and verse, which the cause of humanity has since produced. It is pleasing to observe in a young ingenuous mind that amplitude of benevolence which appropriates to itself not only the concerns of some few human beings, but the best interests of the whole human race. It is equally pleasing, and far more rare, to discover that the same mind, when matured by time and experience, is still capable of sympathizing with its former feelings, and that its philanthropy has not been dissipated in passing over a larger tract of existence. After an interval of thirty years, it was a source of joyful exultation to Dr. Gregory, to witness the termination of a traffic which he had uniformly reprobated, and which, as far as his influence extended, he had laboured to abolish.

In 1782, on his removal to London, he was appointed curate of Cripplegate. Three years after, he became better known by the publication of a volume of Essays. The success of this work occasioned a demand for two subsequent editions. In addition to his literary reputation, Dr. Gregory now attained, in his clerical functions, celebrity. From this popularity, though he derived little emolument, he could not on some occasions fail to receive heart-felt pleasure. The curacy of Cripplegate, in consequence of the heavy duties attached to it, he had been compelled to resign ; but in 1785 he was recalled to this church, by the earnest wishes of his congregation, who unanimously elected him their morning preacher. At the same time he officiated at St. Luke's, Botolph-lane ; delivered lectures at the Asylum, and weekly lectures at St. Antholin's. In 1789, he published his Translation of Louth's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews.

The paucity of good translations is a common subject of complaint, and no small part of the corruptions and innovations which have crept into our language, may be fairly traced to this circumstance. Those who would be adequate to the task, are not easily induced to undertake it ; nor does the present state of literature hold out sufficient motives of interest to counteract the repugnance which men, conscious of a capacity to think for themselves, must inevitably feel in transcribing the thoughts of others. To this remark, the translation of Louth affords a striking exception. The author who writes in a dead language, seems to impose on his offspring the hard condition of an alien, *privation* and *obscurity* : it is rendered incapable of popular suffrage, and its influence is necessa-

rily restricted to the scholastic circle. In this predicament was the bishop's work, till it was naturalized to our language ; and by Dr. Gregory invested with unequivocal claims to admiration.

In 1789, shortly after his marriage with Miss Nunnes, Dr. Gregory canvassed for the office of chaplain to the Asylum, which he lost by one vote, more from the too sanguine confidence of his friends, than from want of support. In the evening of the same day, with that dignified self-possession which never forsook him, he preached at St. Antholin's, extempore, from the text, "Put thy trust in the Lord, and he shall yet give thee the desires of thine heart." A volume of Sermons, previously published by him, was re-edited this year ; also the Life of Chatterton, for whose fate he felt the most sincere commiseration. The union of penury and genius, was ever the object of his tenderest compassion, and indigent merit never failed to engage his friendship. The four following years formed the most active part of his life. He conducted a critical work of deserved celebrity, and was connected with several publications of various kinds. Yet amidst all these cares and avocations, he published his Church History, a new Translation of Telemachus, and the Economy of Nature. This work, the design of which is happily explained by its title, might have been suggested to his mind by two French books, the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and the *Contemplation de la Nature* ; but these authors, independent of the errors which are now to be detected in them, are too much encumbered with sentiment and description, to be capable of affording solid instruction. Science is founded on abstract truth ; nor is the imagination the medium through which its principles should be conveyed to the mind.

It would be as easy to inspire the knowledge of tactics from martial music, as to infuse real knowledge by presenting agreeable pictures to the fancy. The Economy of Nature was intended to supply the elemental parts of physical science. Its success was such, that a third edition of it was published in 1804. In that year, through the interest of Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, Dr. Gregory was presented by his majesty to the living of Westham, in Essex. Previous to this, various marks of literary distinction had been conferred on him ; honours which bestow not reputation, but attach to it ; and are valuable only as they attest the respect which public opinion pays to acknowledged merit. He had previously obtained from the bishop of London, a small prebendary in the cathedral of St. Paul's, which he resigned on being preferred to the rectory of Stapleford, in Herts by the same hand.

In his retreat from the metropolis, he found leisure to superintend the progress of an Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences ; such works the utility is obvious. They have long been popular, and the sanction of opinion is confirmed by constant experience.

The Encyclopædia, of which Dr. Gregory was the conductor, exhibits the largest mass of knowledge in the most portable form of any extant ; an advantage which it has derived from his luminous arrangment, the acuteness of his discrimination, and the rectitude of his judgment. On dismissing this task, he employed himself in revising and correcting a volume of Lectures on Chemistry. His ne

labour was the revision of two volumes of Letters on Literature and Taste, which are now in the press: but this labour was destined to be his *last*. Although he had not long passed the meridian of life, he was insensibly sinking into decay: yet so silent and so insidious was the approach of death, that no alarming symptoms were perceived; and till within a month of his dissolution, no danger was apprehended. Even then, when the agonizing suspicion was excited, the cloud seemed to pass over: his family and friends were persuaded of his returning health, and he himself felt so much better, as to be able to resume his sacred duty, which he had reluctantly ceased to perform for two previous Sundays. But this gleam of sunshine served only to render the approaching night more dark; the medical gentlemen who attended him, attributed his decease not to any particular malady, but to an entire dissolution of the machine. Every part at once refused to perform its functions. Medicines were prescribed, and remedies administered, in vain; and his sorrowing family and friends have at least the consolation of believing, that it was a stroke no human art could avert.

He expired on the evening of Saturday, the 12th of March, and was buried in his parochial church of Westham, on Monday the 21st.

To his family and friends his loss is irreparable; and a dreary blank will long be felt in the place of his residence, where he was generally respected and beloved. Dr. Gregory had always possessed talents for the pulpit; but it was perhaps, more by his unaffected earnestness, and the fervour of his own devotion, than even the persuasive tones of his voice, that he drew to him the hearts of his hearers. He often preached extempore, a practice both easy and familiar to him from the copiousness of his language and an habitual promptitude in selection and arrangement. When he entered the pulpit, the composed seriousness of his aspect, the mild sedateness of his demeanour, impressed on his audience an involuntary feeling of reverence and solemnity. His enunciation was slow and clear; his periods were musical but not always sufficiently varied. There was in his look and manner an expression of sincerity, of deep interest, and intense solicitude of zeal abstracted from vehemence, which attested his own conviction of the sacred truths he should inculcate, and irresistibly enforced on every mind a disposition to religious meditation; his discourses were generally plain and practical; he deprecated controversy, convinced that the proper object of a Christian teacher, was, not to rouse the understanding, but to touch the heart

The style of his printed and manuscript sermons is elegant and correct; and occasionally they contain passages invested with all the graces of imagination, and breathing the very soul of eloquence. The inhabitants of his parish he regarded as members of his family; many of them he classed with his friends. It was contrary to his nature to consider any of them as strangers.

His devotion to literature prevented not his participation in active scenes and pursuits He was no solitary student, seceding from the cares or duties of life. His avidity for information had rendered him familiar with every subject; and seldom was any submitted to

his observation which he was not competent to elucidate. By its versatility his conversation was rendered generally acceptable. He had stores of knowledge and thought, not only for a small literary sect, but every social circle. No man ever possessed more completely the faculties of enjoyment. His element was happiness: he found it in his books: he welcomed it in his friend: he even drew it from his pen. The pursuits of philosophy, the embellishments of literature, the exhibitions of art, the scenes of nature, all successively administered to him sensations of delight. This elastic temperament he owed equally to the sweetness of his temper, and that firmness of mind which repels anxieties and regrets. With a manly affiance in his own strength, he measured the difficulties which impeded success; and when he failed to atchieve his end, retired with submission, but without despondence. A stranger to malevolence, and all the littlenesses of pride and envy that engender it, his heart was formed for expansive affection, and no one could shew him the least kindness without securing from him such a feeling of regard and gratitude as almost to prevent his seeing in them the possibility of defect. From the public he has well deserved the tribute of regret. It has been long the depositary of his labours, it is now entrusted with the name he had purchased, (the produce of his life,) as a polite scholar, and moral writer, as one who had disseminated science and diffused a spirit of true philosophy. To its use are appropriated the fruits of his vigorous intellect, his rich extent of knowledge, his comprehensive understanding, and, whether natural or acquired, all his mental wealth. But they who have known him as a husband and a father, whose experience can attest the purity of his morals, and the integrity of his conduct; they who have witnessed his exertion in the cause of humanity, his tenderness for the distresses of penury; who have seen him diffusing happiness through the domestic circle, and by social instinct, have caught from him the spirit of enjoyment, these to whom celebrity appears trivial, and eulogy superfluous, forget the scholar, the writer, the lover of letters, and of science, to deplore the friend, to remember the man.

Respecting the literary labours of Dr. Gregory, it would be difficult to form an estimate. He published as many works anonymously as with his name. His facility in composition was such, as to those who did not know him, might seem incredible. His style flows with ease and amenity of true English purity, without pretension, without ostentation, plain and perspicuous, yet copious and varied, it seemed to harmonize with the character of the writer.

He had projected various works, some of which would have possessed sufficient dignity to engage all his powers of mind. In the earlier part of life, his taste had been sacrificed to views of usefulness and independence. He had often written when he must have had to combat with repugnance, and to force on himself the conviction that circumstances controul choice. The time was now arrived when he might be permitted to write for himself; to render his pen the delight and honour of his declining years: but all these hopes vanished in a moment. From the commencement of his illness, he was impressed with a presage of his fate; and

submitted to it with manly fortitude and placid resignation. His death was that of the christian, who cheerfully surrenders this mortal being with the assured hope of a nobler and immortal existence.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

GARRICK'S JUBILEE.

FOOTE'S description of Garrick's Jubilee in his "Devil upon two Sticks" is not wholly undeserved. But whether just or not, it is so irresistably comical, we cannot forbear inserting it.

"A Jubilee, as it hath lately appeared, (said the humourist) is a public invitation, circulated and urged by puffing, to go *post without horses* to an *obscure borough without representatives*, governed by a *Mayor and Aldermen*, who are *no magistrates*, to *celebrate* a great poet, whose *own works* have made him immortal, by *an ode without poetry*, *music without melody*, *dinners without victuals*, and *lodgings without beds*, a *masquerade*, where half the people appear *bare-faced*, a horse race up to the knees in water, fire-works extinguished as soon as they were lighted, and a *gingerbread* amphitheatre, which, *like a house of cards*, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished."

Garrick was particularly cautious, it is said, in his choice and repetition of characters. He attempted OTHELLO, but afterwards abandoned the part. He had probably two motives for this, in addition to his incompetence in point of figure. One was the great success of Barry; and the other the sarcasm of QUIN, who, when asked how he liked Mr. Garrick in Othello: "Othello, madam, (replied the cynic) psha! no such thing—there was a little black boy, like Pompey attending with a tea-kettle who fretted and pounced about the stage—but I *saw no Othello*."—So impressive was Barry in the part of Othello, that after Mr. John Palmer had studied the character of Iago, he was so awed at the rehearsal by the presence of Mr. Barry, that in spite of all that gentleman's encouragement, he could not subdue his terrors and was obliged to resign his part to Mr. Lee.

Garrick found something like a competitor in Thomas Sheridan, the elocutor and actor. A quarrel took place between them, which the latter never forgot. Sheridan however knew and acknowledged Garrick's worth, and while conducting the Dublin theatre, wrote him, "That he was then sole manager of the Irish stage, and should be very happy to see him in Dublin, and that he would give him all the advantage and encouragement he could in reason expect, that he would divide all profits with him from their united representations after deducting the incurred expenses; assuring him however, *that he must expect nothing from his friendship*; for *he owed him none*." The British Roscius was at Col. Wyndham's, when he received this letter, and having looked it over, put it into the Colonel's hand, saying "this is the oddest epistle I ever saw in my life." "It may be an odd one," said the Colonel; "but it is surely a very honest one. I should certainly depend upon that man, who treated me with such openness and simplicity of heart."

QUIN AND THOMSON.

JAMES QUIN, the comedian, was a friend and inmate of JAMES THOMSON, the poet. Of the sincerity of his friendship, proof is thus given.

Hearing that this poor author was confined in a sponging house for a debt of about 70*l.* he repaired to the place, and, having enquired for him, was introduced to the bard. THOMSON was a good deal disconcerted at seeing QUIN, as he had always taken great pains to conceal his wants; and the more so, as Quin told him, he had come to sup with him. His anxiety on this head was however removed upon Quin's informing him, that as he supposed it would have *been inconvenient to have had the supper dressed at the place they were in,* he had ordered it from an adjacent tavern, and half a dozen of claret were introduced by way of prelude. Supper being over and the bottle circulating, "it is now time," said QUIN, "we *should balance accounts.*" This astonished Thomson, who imagined he had some demand on him; which Quin perceiving, continued, "Mr. Thomson the pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than 100*l.* and I insist upon now acquitting the debt." On saying this he put down a note of that value and took leave without waiting for a reply. This is being a *friend in need.* This is the true *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* "*O imitatores servile pecus!*" Instead of exercising your knack at imitation on the rhymes of witlings turn to such instances as these, and copy the actions of the virtuous!

ANECDOTE.

To the master of an Inn, who had complained of being infested with rats, QUIN promised a receipt to drive them away. On quitting the house he had an *enormously extravagant* bill put into his hands, which he paid; and on the innkeeper's reminding him of his promise, he returned his bill to him, saying, "*show them this, and they'll come no more near you, I'll engage.*"

THEATRICAL INSOLENCE.

The unbecoming conduct of those individuals who supported by public patronage, frequently treat their benefactors with rudeness and insult, hath been often remarked and severely censured in this publication; an instance of this species of ingratitude which took place at Athens, is recorded by a Greek historian.

A tragedy having been announced for public representation, the Athenians, on the day appointed assembled in crowds; but just as the piece should have commenced a popular actor, who, according to the custom of that age, was to have played a principal female part refused to act, unless he was immediately furnished with a more splendid dress, and a greater train of attendants.

The insolent upstart was told that if he had communicated his wishes at an earlier period of the business, they should certainly have been complied with, but that by expecting a new dress and additional attendants, at a moment when the people were impatient in expecting the tragedy to begin was inconsistent and absurd. The player obstinately persisted in his resolution not to act unless his terms were complied with; the delay, altercation and confusion exasperated the manager so much that he forcibly pushed the stubborn blockhead on the stage, at the same

time observing to him in an audible voice; "How can you be so ridiculous as to wish to make a parade and shew, when you see among the audience, the wife of Phocion, the greatest of our commanders, the plainest drest of all the audience, and attended only by a single slave.

This well-timed reproof excited a loud and universal applause; the corrected offender, who deserved to have been hissed from the theatre, felt he was wrong, apologized for his preposterous conduct, and immediately performed his part.

Next to good conscience, says Dr. Beattie, nothing tends more to the happiness of life than habits of activity and industry began in early youth, so as to settle into a permanent disposition before one arrives at manhood: and I never see, without pity, a young man of fortune, who is bred to no business.

INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Boulton, Watt, and Co. of Soho, Birmingham, have executed a very beautiful bronze medal, commemorative of the glorious victory off Trafalgar. They have struck off between 18000 and 19000, which are now distributing to the seamen engaged in that battle, their widows, or heirs.

POETRY.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

AN ETHIC EPISTLE—BY CAWTHORN.

(Concluded)

WHILE Britain, with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever shame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Blest his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are these our triumphs? these the sums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain, in her fits of madness pour
Half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And still permit the weeping muse to tell
How poor neglected Desaguliers fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?
Posterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That senates cancel, and that courts forget:
Ah! what boots it when our bards expire
Earth's last ages hang upon the lyre?
Middleton the dust of Tully raise?
Pompey listen in his urn to praise?
Come if Philip's son enjoy to-day
Applauding Pæan, or the loud huzza,
That shook pale Asia thro' her ev'ry shore
When Porus fell, and fredom was no more?
Yet tho' content's fantastic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wise,
Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidst the luxuries of state:
Fond to instruct ambition how to please,
She joins the pomps of majesty with ease,
Forsakes the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.

Tell me, O Visier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a slave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon crescent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud sables, and the hallow'd sword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliss refine,
And make the virtues of the bosom thine?

Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry storm a slave
That caprice wings, or madness bids to rave;
For ever jealous of a woman's pow'r,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Thro' life's wild eddies toss'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a smile, and murder'd by a tear!
At length, each wish destroy'd, each vision fled,
The black serag io steals upon his bed:
And he, whose glories mingled with the skies,
Adores the bowstring, licks the dust, and dies.

O! could a king in heav'n's bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer,
Could *he command the heart to beam as far,*
As the soft radiance of the ducal star;
Forbid one sad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then, on all the whirlwind's rapid wing,
To steal a title, or to bribe a string;
In the full blaze of glory be display'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and shade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call,
Each yielding wish to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pause—lest virtue ev'ry guard resign,
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.

This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Blest with each charm polite courts admire,
The grace to soften, and the soul to fire,
Forsook his native bogs with proud disdain,
And, tho' a Dutchman, rose the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Phillip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next disgrac'd he flies to Britain's isle,
And courts the sunshine of a Walpole's smile:
Unheard, despis'd, to southern climes he steers,
And shines again at Sallé, and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his schemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Hesperian shore;
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each god denied,
Without a friend, a sepulchre to shield
His carcass from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's sons the worst,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curst.

"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddess of the mirthful smile.
From wild ambition, with her every care,
The scenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,
From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All science wishes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguish free,
And taste a luxury of bliss with me.
For me the genial spring, the verd show'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfol ing flow'r;
Arabia's sweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plumage, and the wing joy,
Each richer viand that the air provide
That earth unbosoms or that ocean hid
All that can nature's finer organs mov
The pow'rs of music, and the folds of lo
To my keen senses are indulgent giv
In one wild ecstasy of life and heav'n

Yet, yet, dear youth! the fair encha ress shun,
To yield a moment is to be undone:
All Etna's poisons mingle with her bre
The seeds of sickness, and the gale death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all hell's horrors brood beneath smile.

'Tis thus, my Lyttleton! that men p sue
Each varied mode of pleasure but true,
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliss, and hurries life a
Their headstrong passions after p toms run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun.

Yet hear, ye wand'rers! hear, w we impart
A light that sheds fair peace on heart;
Which, Aristides! beam'd on thy ex
And made a Regulus 'mid tortures s

Virtue, immortal virtue! born to pl
The child of heaven, and the source of
Bids ev'ry bliss on human life attend
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful frie
Inspirits nature 'midst the scenes o
Smooths languor's cheek, and bids fell recoil,
Shines from the mitre with unsullied
Glares on the crest, and gives the st blaze,
Supports distinction, spreads ambi wings,
Forms saints of queens, and demig kings;
O'er grief, oppression, envy, scorn;
And makes a cottage greater than sailles.

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